

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

**Paper 1 Reading Literature**

**1 September 2014  
3 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

**Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (eg. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.**

---

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your registration number and name on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

## SECTION A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of war experiences.

## A GLORY OF WOMEN

You love us when we're heroes, home on leave,  
 Or wounded in a mentionable place.  
 You worship decorations; you believe  
 That chivalry redeems the war's disgrace.  
 You make us shells. You listen with delight, 5  
 By tales of dirt and danger fondly thrilled.  
 You crown our distant ardours while we fight,  
 And mourn our laurelled memories when we're killed.  
 You can't believe that British troops 'retire'  
 When hell's last horror breaks them, and they run, 10  
 Trampling the terrible corpses—blind with blood.  
 O German mother dreaming by the fire,  
 While you are knitting socks to send your son  
 His face is trodden deeper in the mud.

Siegfried Sassoon (1886–1967)

## B REPORTED MISSING

My thought shall never be that you are dead:  
 Who laughed so lately in this quiet place.  
 The dear and deep-eyed humour of that face  
 Held something ever-living, in Death's stead.  
 Scornful I hear the flat things they have said 5  
 And all their piteous platitudes of pain.  
 I laugh! I laugh! — For you will come again —  
 This heart would never beat if you were dead.  
 The world's adrowse in twilight hushfulness,  
 There's purple lilac in your little room, 10  
 And somewhere out beyond the evening gloom  
 Small boys are culling summer watercress.  
 Of these familiar things I have no dread  
 Being so very sure you are not dead.

Anna Gordon Keown (1899–1957)

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems. Pay close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of dreams.

A MONNA INNOMINATA [I DREAM OF YOU, TO WAKE]

I dream of you, to wake: would that I might  
 Dream of you and not wake but slumber on;  
 Nor find with dreams the dear companion gone,  
 As, Summer ended, Summer birds take flight.  
 In happy dreams I hold you full in night. 5  
 I blush again who waking look so wan;  
 Brighter than sunniest day that ever shone,  
 In happy dreams your smile makes day of night.  
 Thus only in a dream we are at one,  
 Thus only in a dream we give and take 10  
 The faith that maketh rich who take or give;  
 If thus to sleep is sweeter than to wake,  
 To die were surely sweeter than to live,  
 Though there be nothing new beneath the sun.

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)

B A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
 And, in parting from you now,  
 Thus much let me avow:  
 You are not wrong who deem  
 That my days have been a dream; 5  
 Yet if hope has flown away  
 In a night, or in a day,  
 In a vision, or in none,  
 Is it therefore the less gone?  
 All that we see or seem 10  
 Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
 Of a surf-tormented shore,  
 And I hold within my hand  
 Grains of the golden sand-- 15  
 How few! yet how they creep  
 Through my fingers to the deep,  
 While I weep--while I weep!  
 O God! can I not grasp  
 Them with a tighter clasp? 20  
 O God! can I not save  
 One from the pitiless wave?  
 Is all that we see or seem  
 But a dream within a dream?

Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849)

## Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** 'In *The Remains of the Day*, place reveals more about Stevens than his words do.'

How far do you agree with this comment?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it in detail to the treatment of time here and elsewhere in the novel.

But perhaps one should not be looking back to the past so much. After all, I still have before me many more years of service I am required to give. And not only is Mr Farraday a most excellent employer, he is an American gentleman to whom, surely, one has a special duty to show all that is best about service in England. It is essential, then, to keep one's attention focused on the present; to guard against any complacency creeping in on account of what one may have achieved in the past. For it has to be admitted, over these last few months, things have not been all they might at Darlington Hall. A number of small errors have surfaced of late, including that incident last April relating to the silver. Most fortunately, it was not an occasion on which Mr Farraday had guests, but even so, it was a moment of genuine embarrassment to me. 5

It had occurred at breakfast one morning, and for his part, Mr Farraday – either through kindness, or because being an American he failed to recognise the extent of the shortcoming – did not utter one word of complaint to me throughout the whole episode. He had, upon seating himself, simply picked up a fork, examined it for a brief second, touching the prongs with a fingertip, then turned his attention to the morning headlines. The whole gesture had been carried out in an absent-minded sort of way, but of course, I had spotted the occurrence and had advanced swiftly to remove the offending item. I may in fact have done so a little too swiftly on account of my disturbance, for Mr Farraday gave a small start, muttering: 'Ah, Stevens.' 10 15

I had continued to proceed swiftly out of the room, returning without undue delay bearing a satisfactory fork. As I advanced upon the table – and a Mr Farraday now apparently absorbed in his newspaper – it occurred to me I might slip the fork on to the tablecloth quietly without disturbing my employer's reading. However, the possibility had already occurred to me that Mr Farraday was simply feigning indifference in order to minimise my embarrassment, and such a surreptitious delivery could be interpreted as complacency on my part towards my error – or worse, an attempt to cover it up. This was why, then, I decided it appropriate to put the fork down on to the table with a certain emphasis, causing my employer to start a second time, look up and mutter again: 'Ah, Stevens.' 20 25 30 35

Errors such as these which have occurred over the last few months have been, naturally enough, injurious to one's self-respect, but then there is no reason to believe them to be the signs of anything more sinister than a staff shortage. Not that a staff shortage is not significant in itself; but if Miss Kenton were indeed to return to Darlington Hall, 40

such little slips, I am sure, would become a thing of the past. Of course, one has to remember there is nothing stated specifically in Miss Kenton's letter – which, incidentally, I reread last night up in my room before putting out the light – to indicate unambiguously her desire to return to her former position. In fact, one has to accept the distinct possibility that one may have previously – perhaps through wishful thinking of a professional kind – exaggerated what evidence there was regarding such a desire on her part. For I must say I was a little surprised last night at how difficult it was actually to point to any passage which clearly demonstrated her wish to return. 45 50

But then again, it seems hardly worthwhile to speculate greatly on such matters now when one knows one will, in all likelihood, be talking face to face with Miss Kenton within forty-eight hours. Still, I must say, I did spend some long minutes turning those passages over in my mind last night as I lay there in the darkness, listening to the sounds from below of the landlord and his wife clearing up for the night. 55

Day Three – Morning  
Taunton, Somerset

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** 'Kate Keller is the only character who escapes unpunished.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the play?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, considering the cross-currents of appearance and reality here and elsewhere in the play.

George:	<i>[he stops, looks around at them and the place]</i> I never felt at home anywhere but here. I feel so... <i>[He nearly laughs, and turns away from them.]</i> Kate, you look so young, you know? You didn't change at all. It...rings an old bell. <i>[Turns to KELLER]</i> You too, Joe, you're amazingly the same. The whole atmosphere is.	5
Keller:	Say, I ain't got time to get sick.	
Mother:	He hasn't been laid up in fifteen years...	
Keller:	Except my flu during the war.	
Mother:	Huhh?	10
Keller:	My flu, when I was sick during...the war.	
Mother:	Well, sure... <i>[To GEORGE]</i> I meant except for that flu. <i>[GEORGE stands perfectly still.]</i> Well, it slipped my mind, don't look at me that way. He wanted to go to the shop but he couldn't lift himself off the bed. I thought he had pneumonia.	15
George:	Why did you say he's never...?	
Keller:	I know how you feel, kid, I'll never forgive myself. If I could've gone in that day I'd never allow Dad to touch those heads.	20
George:	She said you've never been sick.	
Mother:	I said he was sick, George.	
George:	<i>[going to ANN]</i> Ann, didn't you hear her say...?	
Mother:	Do you remember every time you were sick?	
George:	I'd remember pneumonia. Especially if I got it just the day my partner was going to patch up cylinder heads...What happened that day, Joe?	25
Frank:	<i>[enters briskly from driveway, holding Larry's horoscope in his hand. He comes to KATE]</i> Kate! Kate!	
Mother:	Frank, did you see George?	30
Frank:	<i>[extending his hand]</i> Lydia told me, I'm glad to... you'll have to pardon me. <i>[Pulling MOTHER over R.]</i> I've got something amazing for you, Kate. I finished Larry's horoscope.	
Mother:	You'd be interested in this, George. It's wonderful the way he can understand the...	35
Chris:	<i>[entering from house]</i> George, the girl's on the phone...	
Mother:	<i>[desperately]</i> He finished Larry's horoscope!	
Chris:	Frank, can't you pick a better time than this?	
Frank:	The greatest men who ever lived believed in the stars!	
Chris:	Stop filling her head with that junk!	40
Frank:	Is it junk to feel that there's a greater power than ourselves?	

I've studied the stars of his life! I won't argue with you, I'm telling you. Somewhere in this world your brother is alive!

*Mother:* [instantly to CHRIS] Why isn't it possible?

*Chris:* Because it's insane. 45

*Frank:* Just a minute now. I'll tell you something and you can do as you please. Just let me say it. He was supposed to have died on November twenty-fifth. But November twenty-fifth was his favourable day.

*Chris:* Mother! 50

*Mother:* Listen to him!

*Frank:* It was a day when everything good was shining on him, the kind of day he should've married on. You can laugh at a lot of it, I can understand you laughing. But the odds are a million to one that a man won't die on his favourable day. 55

*Mother:* That's known, that's known, Chris!

*Mother:* Why isn't it possible, why isn't it possible, Chris!

*George:* [to ANN] Don't you understand what she's saying? She just told you to go. What are you waiting for now?

*Chris:* Nobody can tell her to go. [A car horn is heard.] 60

*Mother:* [to FRANK] Thank you, darling, for your trouble. Will you tell him to wait, Frank?

*Frank:* [as he goes] Sure thing.

*Mother:* [calling out] They'll be right out, driver!

*Chris:* She's not leaving, Mother. 65

*George:* You heard her say it, he's never been sick!

*Mother:* He misunderstood me, Chris! [CHRIS looks at her, struck.]

*George:* [to ANN] He simply told your father to kill pilots, and covered himself in bed!

*Chris:* You'd better answer him, Annie. Answer him. 70

*Mother:* I packed your bag, darling...

*Chris:* What?

*Mother:* I packed your bag. All you've got to do is close it.

*Ann:* I'm not closing anything. He asked me here and I'm staying till he tells me to go. [To GEORGE] Till Chris tells me! 75

*Chris:* That's all! Now get out of here, George!

*Mother:* [to CHRIS] But if that's how he feels...

*Chris:* That's all, nothing more till Christ comes, about the case or Larry as long as I'm here! [To GEORGE] Now get out of here, George! 80

Act 2